Sowing Wild Oats.

BY MRS. A. A. COBER.

How often we hear parents say, "don't mind the children, they must sow their wild oats before they join church." Edward Burke says, "patience is a virtue," but God pity the patience of parents, who with cool headedness will stand by and see their sons and daughters sow seeds of wickedness in satan's hotbeds. Perhaps when their son was just entering his teens he had an inclination to join church. One of the parents told him he was too young then, which implied that he should go on and serve satan awhile longer before he served Christ. In course of time the boy feels no inclination to join church, and the mother comes weeping to the pastor lamenting the sad condition of her son. Could the minister answer that mother as God saw her, he would say, "you advised him to continue in sin when he desired doing better, and now he is only following your advice." He immediately sets to work, he preaches, he prays, he exhorts him to do better, but the weeds have taken root so deeply that all the gospel mattocks cannot uproot them. Very often they are not uprooted at all and the sinner becomes one of satan's strongest devotees.

How many tears and prayers many a fond mother might save if she would but encourage her children to sow tame oats in place of the wild. An ounce of good advice given to a child at twelve is worth more than a pound at twenty-one. I was but fifteen when I was converted. I was away at school at the time, and when I came home I was told that certain of my friends thought I was too young and did not know what I was doing. Nothing could have cut me more keenly than this little expression. The thought came to my mind, "did I not know I was on the wrong road?" Did I not believe Christ died for me? Did I not feel the burden drop from my heart? Certainly I comprehended what I was doing. Just as soon as a child knows it is on the wrong road and should do good, just so soon that child should serve Christ. Could we but save the young from sowing wild oats, what an amount of preaching and praying might be saved and the world be a great deal better than it is. How often do mothers assist their children in sowing wild oats? Night after night they sit up preparing garments for them to wear to a ball. How often the father thrusts into his son's hand a purse well filled before going to a circus. And how often do both parents urge their children to partake of the tempting wine on the dinner table, or give them their encouragement over a game of cards. The mother who told her son she would pray for him while he was gone to the ball till he returned is a mother to be commended. The result was, the young man had no pleasure in the festive balls. Whenever he thought of his mother at home on her knees praying for him, his conscience smote him, and he returned home earlier than usual, and found his mother praying as she told him she would. Is it any wonder that that simple act of devotion on the part of this mother was the means of making a Christian of her son? Oh, for a world of such mothers! Satan would then seek a habitation elsewhere.

We should learn from nature not to divide our energies unduly. The apparent compromises frequently look like failures. The land is good for men to live on; the sea is good for fishes to live in; but a sea-marsh is good for neither, being too wet for men, and too dry for fishes. Timber land is valuable, and pasture land is valuable; but a hillside pasture overgrown with dwarf trees is spoiled for a pasture, and worthless for a timber-lot. Grass is not worth cutting, and potatoes are not worth digging, where both have grown unrestrained in the same soil. So it is in loftier things. In our Christian work we should concentrate our energies. A man who undertakes to befriend and work up every new enterprise will not do much in any. So we know men who run after all denominations doing nothing in any, and really neglecting the church with which he is identified. Such men do not gain a credit or respect even from those whom he would conciliate. Let us concentrate not divide our energies.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Sweetest Sauce.

"I've brought your dinner father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she gave him a loving childish kiss,
To sweeten his hardened bread.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood.
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food.

While all about him were visions,
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kittle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.

And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. My pa takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read it. I like to go to school. I went nearly every day. My teacher's name is Orville B. Couk. I am twelve years old My studies are Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic Writing, Geography. I will close by answering Florence Hang's question: King Herod was kin g before Christ.

SOLOMON G. COOL.

Lightsville, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I saw my last letter in print, I thought I would try again. My brother, sister and I are alone this afternoon. Ma has gone over to uncle Richard Martin's, and pa is working in the woods. Our school has commenced. Our teacher's name is Daniel Deemer. He is a good teacher. There is protracted meeting three quarters of a mile from our house Conducted by the Winebrenarians. Ma and I was there last night. It was too cold to go to school today and so I had time to write. Pa and ma was to a funeral a week ago Sunday. Mr. Shoop's little boy died, he had been sick for about three years. I will close by asking a question. Who were they that were never born and died? I will try and answer Florence Hang's question: Herod was the king's name before Jesus was born. It is the second chapter of Matthew and first verse. I hope to see this in print. So good by,

IDA A. YAGLE.

Dear Lick, Ohio., Jan. 3, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write. I am ten years old, and live in the country. I go to school every day I study Reading, Arithmetic, Language, Science, Geography, Writing and Spelling. My teacher's name is Miss Ollie Teal. My pa, ma and one brother and two sisters belong to the Brethren church. I go to Sabbath School. We take the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the children's letters very much. I like to go to church. I like to sing and to hear all the children sing. We had a nice time on Christmas eve. If I see this in print I will write again.

Good by editor,

FLORENCE GROSSNICKLE

North Manchester, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am eleven years old. I go to school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Drawing, Spelling, Geography, Arithmetic, Physiology. My teacher's name is Ella Simmons. We had a good meeting here at Fair View, there was twelve joined the church. J. W. Smouse, and E. H. Smith did the preaching. My mamma takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the children's letters very much. For fear I will worry your patience, I will close for this time. If I see this in print I may write again. Good by,

Your little reader,

LIZZIE I. SINGER.

Vinco, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR.—I will try and write another letter for the Children's Column. I go to school. I study Reading, Spelling, Writing. Geography, Physiology, Arithmetic, My teacher's name is Ella Simmons. We had a good meeting here this winter. There were twelve joined the church. Mr. J. W. Smouse, and E. H. Smith did the preaching. We had good sleighing here this winter. I feel lonesome this winter. My little sister is at my aunt's going to school this winter. Papa, mamma and oldest sister belong to the church. I will close for this time by answering Florence Hang's question: Herod was king before Jesus was born.

Good by editor,

SUSIE JANE GROVE.

Vinco, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have not written for the Children's Column for a long time. I thought I would write again. We had a meeting over at Ankneytown, conducted by Bro. Smouse, and fifteen came out on the Lord's side. I go to school and my studies are Reading, Writing, Geography, Spelling and Arithmetic. I sit with Addie Ruby at school. I like to sit with her real well. Our teacher's name is Joe Clow. We expect to have a protracted meeting here at this place in about three weeks from Friday evening. I love to go to church and Sunday School. My mamma is out to Ind. now, and I am staying at Mr. Arnold's, and am going to school. I have about half a mile to go to school. It is pretty cold to go to school sometimes. So I will close for this time. Good by,

ESSIE MALLOTT.

North Liberty, Ohio., Feb. 2, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I go to school every day. The Progressives are going to commence a meeting three weeks from Friday evening. I am going to try and go every night. I love to go to church. And I love to go to Sunday School and day school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling. Our teacher's name is Joe Clow. I like him for a teacher. I sit with Essie Mallott at school and I like to sit with her. I like all my schoolmates. I only have one sister. I had a little brother but he died. My sister is fourteen years old. I am ten years old. Well, I must close.

ADDIE RUBY.

North Liberty, Ohio., Feb. 2, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a letter to the Children's Column. I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. My studies are Reading, Writing and Spelling. My teacher's name is George Hasbaugh. I like him very much. I have two sisters and one brother, and one brother dead. I am at grandpa's. Grandpa and grandma belong to the church.

WILSA REYNOLDS.

La Paz, Ind., Jan. 31, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—The poem I send is of my first composition. Please correct all mistakes. Ma takes the EVANGELIST. I love to read the Children's Column. I would love to see this in print, if it does not get in the waste basket.

Little Birds and Children.

The little birds have flown,
Their season now is past,
The lovely birds have gone
From winter's chilly blast.

They will seek a sunny place,
Far south among the lillies bright;
Oh! what a very sad case,
If they were here tonight.

Now God has taught each little bird
To go at his command;
And we, who obey his word,
May go to his right hand.

Then to his word let us be true;
And show a life sublime,
That we may roam among the lillies too,
Where the sun doth ever shine.

Yours truly,

CHARLES H. BLACK.

Roann, Ind., Feb. 2, 1887.

OUR DEAD.

NEHER.—Ora Albert Neher, son of Bro Daniel and sister Nancy Neher, aged 3 years and 3 mon. Funeral services by R. F. Mallott, in the Pleasant Hill church, near Cambria, Ind., to a large congregation of sympathizing friends.